

## THE TRUE NORTHERNER.

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As THE time for the local option election approaches, we are sorry to note a seeming lack of interest in the result, on the part of a great many voters. When the last election was held, five years ago, the vote cast was a very light one, and from that day to this, those on each side of the question have protested that the smallness of the vote was detrimental to them. The local option people believe that, had the vote been 8,700, as in last fall's general election, or even 7,000, instead of a paltry 5,400 as it was, the old time prohibition majority of Van Buren county would have been maintained. On the other hand, the high license advocates are of the opinion that their men, thinking there was no chance of defeating the law, were the ones to stay at home. But be that as it may, to the Northerner the settlement of this question by a vote of less than two-thirds of all the electors of the county, is unsatisfactory indeed and does not give a fair decision as to the wishes of the people. The continuance or repeal of local option is an important question, both as an economic policy and as a matter of public morals, and its importance entitles it to the vote of every elector in the county, as his judgment and conscience may dictate to him. Let us have a full vote on November 1, and then, for the two years to come, let all cheerfully abide by the avowed will of the majority.

### Anglomaniac Sorrow.

Our anglomaniac friends have occasion to protest again. The continued decrease of British exports is to them a most deplorable effect of the Dingley tariff law. The board of trade returns for September show a decline of 7 1/2 per cent as compared with the corresponding month of last year. The English press unanimously attribute this to our new tariff law. Commenting on the situation, the London Times says:

"Whatever its ultimate effect, it is clear that the immediate result of protection in America is to close the American markets very largely to British exports. We may as well make up our minds to this fact, and seek an opening for our goods elsewhere."

Whatever may be the anglomaniac notion, the Northerner finds cause for rejoicing rather than sorrow in the fact that America is again making her own goods. If it is a crime for this country to care for its own workmen and manufacturers, let the crime go on.

England has never been known to so shape her policies as to add to American prosperity at the expense of her own industrial welfare.

THE retirement of Justice Stephen J. Field will mark the disappearance of one of the most remarkable families which the United States has known. The four sons of David Dudley Field, a poor clergyman of Massachusetts—David Dudley, Stephen J., Cyrus W. and Henry M.—were all remarkable men. Each held a high place in his particular sphere. Cyrus, the greatest of them all, had a name which was known in every country in the world. To a smaller extent the other three have had an international reputation also. David and Cyrus are dead, Stephen's life work is virtually finished, and Henry, the youngest of them, who is now 75 years of age, though still connected with the New York "Evangelist," is seldom heard of by the world. With their departure the glory of the family dies. Not a one of them has a son who can transmit the luster of their name to another generation. In the Field case, as in many other instances which can be mentioned, the truth of the old saying is exemplified that "great men leave no continuance."

It has now been some time since we have seen any popocrat contemporary inquiring about "that carload of prosperity." In fact, popocrats are talking very little at the present time. The occupation of the calamity howler is gone.

It doesn't occur to us that we have seen a quotation from "Coin," the little schoolmaster, in some months.

## A HETEROPHEMIST.

HOW HE INJURED THE FINANCIAL INTERESTS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Mr. Blank Was Sent to England to Solicit Aid and Failed—The Message He Sent to Mr. Memminger Was the Opposite of What He Supposed.

The Southern Confederacy was only a few months old when a financial agent was sent to England on a very important mission. Mr. Blank was a politician and a banker. He was also an elegant gentleman, with many influential acquaintances on both sides of the water.

Before leaving Richmond he had a long talk with Memminger, the secretary of the treasury.

"If I find that England will aid us," he said, "I will send you word by some reliable blockade runner. It will be a very brief message, but you will understand it, while it will mean nothing to the enemy if it should be intercepted."

The confidential agent slipped through the lines, and in less than a month was comfortably established in London. In the metropolis he found many southerners and many prominent Englishmen who sympathized with the secessionists. He saw Mr. Yancey, the Confederate minister, every day, and the two worked together in harmony. Mr. Yancey was a practical man and was not long in coming to the conclusion that no aid was to be expected from the British government.

"The abolition sentiment controls here," he said to Mr. Blank. "Some of the statesmen would like to help the south in order to break up the Union, but the people will never consent. The south will have to fight alone."

Blank felt pretty blue when he heard this, and that night he wrote the single word "successful" on a thin slip of paper and skillfully secreted it in an ordinary coat button. The next day he was visited by a southern friend, who remained with him for an hour or more. During his stay he removed the top button from his coat and sewed on one given by Mr. Blank.

"I understand it all," he said when he left. "If I get safely to Wilmington, I will go at once to Richmond and give this button to Mr. Memminger. I prefer not to know the nature of the message, as you say that it explains itself."

"Yes," replied Blank, "it will be understood by the secretary, and as it refers to a state secret I cannot say anything about it."

The two shook hands, and the gentleman with the precious button took the next train for Liverpool, where he boarded a steamer bound for Wilmington.

The steamer was chased by Federal cruisers, but she managed to reach her destination without any serious mishap. In the course of two or three days the mysterious traveler called on Mr. Memminger in Richmond and presented him with a button. The secretary cut off its covering in a hurry and smiled when he read the word "successful."

"Did Mr. Blank show this message to you?" he asked.

"No. We both thought it best that I should remain in ignorance so that no telltale expression of my face would betray anything if the enemy captured me."

At a meeting of the cabinet that afternoon Mr. Memminger was in high spirits. He predicted that the war would be over in 90 days and said that England was preparing to recognize the Confederacy and send over her warships to break the blockade.

"I have this," he said, "from my confidential agent, Mr. Blank."

The name commanded respect, and when the secretary said that under the circumstances a loan of \$15,000,000 negotiated in Europe would be sufficient everybody agreed with him. The weeks rolled on, and Erlanger in Paris advertised for bids for \$15,000,000 in Confederate bonds. Mr. Blank read this at his London hotel and dropped his paper in his agitation.

"Well, I'll be d—d!" he remarked. "Must be a mistake. I'll run over and see about it."

The next day he was at Erlanger's office in Paris. The French banker informed his visitor that there was no mistake, and then Blank swore vigorously. The bids rushed in from all quarters. If the demands of these speculators had been met, \$500,000,000 in Confederate bonds could have been sold. When this fact became known, Mr. Blank again relapsed into profanity.

He could not stand it, and, despite the danger of the trip, he made his arrangements to return home. His interview with Memminger was a stormy one when he arrived at Richmond.

"I intended to write 'unsuccessful,'" he said after a long talk.

"Well, there is your message," replied the secretary. "You wrote 'successful.'"

"I don't understand it," said Mr. Blank sadly. "Surely your advisers from Mr. Yancey should have warned you that there was something wrong."

"His dispatches were intercepted," answered the other.

"I don't understand it," repeated Mr. Blank.

"Perhaps I do," quietly remarked the secretary. "I have carefully noted your talk this morning, and I have discovered that you are a heterophemist. For instance, you say London when you mean Richmond and Richmond when you mean London. You similarly misuse the names of other places and persons and are unconscious of it. When you sent me that message, the word 'unsuccessful' was in your mind, but, being a heterophemist, you wrote an opposite word and ruined the Confederacy."

"I may have made a mistake, sir," said Mr. Blank, rising from his chair, "but I am neither a lunatic nor an idiot. I have the honor to bid you good morning."

Heterophemy is a fatal thing in diplomacy.—Chicago Times-Herald.

## ON A LOW PLANE.

Japanese Commercial Morality Said to Be Below Par.

It has long been known to those who had dealing with the Japanese that commercial morality in Japan stands almost on the lowest plane possible to a civilized people. With few exceptions even those Japanese who prove estimable and high minded in all other matters are not to be trusted in business transaction. In Japan the man who fails to take advantage of his neighbor in a bargain is looked upon as a fool. The explanation of this state of things given by Robert Young, who edits a Kobe paper, is that merchants in Japan have hitherto occupied the lowest rung on the social ladder, being deemed inferior to the tillers of the soil and but little above the pariah class. Up to a comparatively recent period trader was but another name for trickster and the pursuit of commerce was held to argue a lack of integrity.

With changed commercial conditions this low standard seems to have remained unaltered, so that the Japanese trader is always thinking how he can "best" the foreigner, and he will not fulfill his engagements if by so doing he is likely to suffer loss. Mr. Young gives cogent reasons for believing that the mikado's subjects soon will lose the foreign customers they have gained unless their code of commercial morals is materially and rapidly improved.

Already Japanese consuls have reported that the country's foreign trade is seriously injured by merchants who send abroad matches that will not strike, rice that is not up to sample and stuffs the only merit of which is cheapness. Guilds have been formed to introduce better methods of business, but they have not wrought much improvement, and the situation cannot be radically changed so long as there is no public opinion to support the application of morality to business. At present the ordinary Japanese trader has no conscience, and until he acquires one the expected competition of Japan in the markets of the world is not likely to be worthy of serious consideration.

### A FATHERLY ASSURANCE.

The Old Gentleman Was No Linguist, but He Knew Life.

Mr. Cumrox's son was studying his Latin lesson. There was the tremolo of discouragement in his voice as he remarked:

"I don't seem to get along with this lesson very well, father."

"Can't you say any of it?"

"Yes, I can say 'amo, amas, amat,' and then I always forget what comes next."

"What does those words mean, Johnny?" asked Mr. Cumrox, who deserves credit for being always ready to add to a somewhat deficient early education.

"They mean 'I love, thou lovest, he loves.'"

"It does seem too bad to see you start in so soon," the old gentleman mused, "with the difficulties that have always surrounded that verb. But you might as well commence young to learn that them words in one way or another cause two-thirds of the botheration that occurs in this life."

"Please, can I quit school, then?"

"No. It wouldn't be any use. You couldn't dodge 'em, and you might as well go right along and get as familiar with them as possible. You'll find that learnin' 'em ain't half the worry that handlin' 'em is after you know 'em. Cheer up, Johnny, and remember that most of your trouble is still ahead of you."—Washington Star.

### The Popular Aesthetics of Color.

While blue is pre-eminently and overwhelmingly the masculine favorite, it is by no means so general a feminine favorite. The favorite woman's color, standing at the head of the female list, is red. Roughly speaking, of every 80 masculine votes 19 would be for blue and 3 for red, while of every 80 feminine votes 4 would be for blue and 5 for red. Red and blue are thus much more nearly equally popular among women than among men. Other relatively marked masculine preferences are for the colors related to blue (blue violet and violet), and other feminine preferences are for lighter red (or pink) and, to a less extent, for green and yellow. Further, men confine their selections to relatively fewer colors than do women, and, finally, while all men and women alike are much more apt to choose a normal than a transitional color and a darker than a lighter shade, yet the tendency to do so (about the same in the former direction) is markedly different in the latter respect. Of 12 men 10 would choose among the darker colors and only 2 among the lighter for the most pleasing color, while of 12 women 7 would choose among the darker and 5 among the lighter shades.—Professor Jastrow in Popular Science Monthly.

### Eleven Times Around the Earth.

Just think of it! "Eleven times around this globe of ours" in the space of 60 seconds! Can you imagine anything that moves with such remarkable speed? Sound travels only 12 1/2 miles per minute, and a rifle ball (if its speed were not diminished by resistance) 16 1/2 miles. Light passes through a distance equal to 1 1/2 revolutions of the earth in one minute, but electricity travels so astonishingly fast that it is able to complete the circuit of the earth 11 1/2 times in 60 seconds.—St. Louis Republic.

### Strangers Now.

"Don't you think, Mrs. Spitley, that this hat is a little too gay for a matronly woman like me?"

"Not at all, my dear. You know that you're years younger than you look."—Detroit Free Press.

The bluebottle fly is purely a meat fly, subsisting altogether upon meat and offal and laying its eggs in decomposed animal matter.

An ordinary brick weighs about four pounds.

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2 1/2 yards Bro. Sheet 12 1/2c.  
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A good Shirting for 4c.  
Dress Prints and Ginghams 4c.  
Light or Dark Tennis Flannel 5c  
All New Dress Novelties 10c & up  
Lace Veiling 3c yard and up.  
Fancy Handle Umbrellas 50c.  
Ladies' Jersey Vests 3c and up.  
Ladies' " " full sleeves 16c  
Table Oil Cloth 12 1/2c.  
12 Boxes of Matches for 3c.  
1-lb package Laundry Starch 2 1/2c  
1-lb package Corn Starch 2 1/2c.  
Bottle of Ink or Mucilage 3c.  
Fine Ink Tablets 3c.  
Large Pencil Tablets 2c.  
Rubber Tip Pencils 1c.  
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All best Yeast Cakes 3c.  
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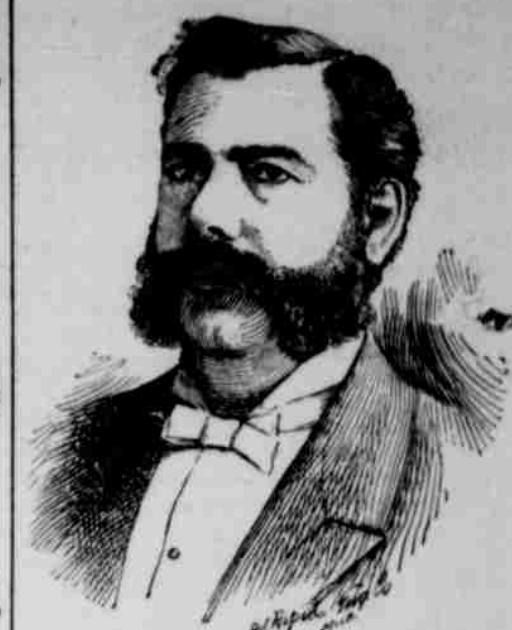
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